THE HAPPY VIRGIN.

HOW happy a ſtate does the Virgin poſſeſs,
Whoſe innocent boſom no troubles diſtreſs!
She's ever briſk, airy, good humour'd, and gay;
No cares to moleſt her by night or by day;
No huſband controuls her, or croſſes her will,
But o'er all her actions ſhe miſtreſs is ſtill;
In freedom and pleaſure ſhe paſſes her life;
If ſo happy a Virgin, who would be a Wife?

No bantlings to teaze her, or break her night's reſt,
With peace and content all her moments are bleſt,
She ſleeps 'till 'tis time in the morning to riſe,
And ev'ry new day ſome new pleaſure ſupplies;
Surrounded abroad by a croud of ſmart beaus,
Who are proud to attend her wherever ſhe goes;
About her they ſwarm like the bees to their hives;
If ſo happy when Virgins, then who would be Wives.

Let the Wife boaſt of conjugal bliſs, if ſhe pleaſe,
Bought at the expence of her freedom and eaſe;
Confin'd by her cares, ſtill at home ſhe muſt ſtay,
Whilſt abroad we can range to park, ball, & play;
Thro' a maze of ſoft pleaſure our actions we ſteer,
And when we return, we've no huſbands to fear,
To teaze us, and vex us, and tire out our lives;
If ſo happy when Virgins, then who would be Wives?

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.